

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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VOL. V. NO. 2.

QUINCY CARDS.

The following is a list of First-class Quincy Business Houses and representative men. We would call the attention of those of our patrons who deal in Quincy, especially country merchants, to this list. Especial care was taken to have first-class, responsible men on the list.

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DRY GOODS HOUSE,
IN QUINCY,
Invites you to
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Manufacturers of

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ALL KINDS OF GRAY IRON CASTINGS,

Quincy, Illinois.

Corner Fifth and Ohio streets.

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Manufacturer of all kinds of

STEAM BOILERS,

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Coolers, Kettles, Etc.,

Also all kinds of Iron Work. Smoke Stacks and

Brick chimneys. Special attention given to all kinds of

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Shoes, Queensware and every article needed from

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in Quincy. I can save you money and time and

you can suit your taste to your purse. Special

prices on complete outfits. P. D. DeVoy

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Office, 21 North Fifth Street and residence 324 North

Fifth Street.

Herbert Thornton;

—OR—

"TRIED AS BY FIRE."

BY W. MAXWELL.

CHAPTER XXV.

WORK FOR THE HANDS.

Deacon Chadwell and his excellent wife were very well to do, the deacon's broad acres extending in every direction almost as far as the eye could reach. A comfortable farm house, a thrifty orchard, and flocks and herds on the range, were very substantial tokens of prosperity. A primitive simplicity in that section and at that day, made the matter of mere living, a very little thing. The deacon and his good wife, had both formed a warm affection for Herbert, and when the deacon urged him to make his 'home' with them, it was no mere formal or unmeaning invitation. The word hospitably had a broader and deeper meaning, than it does in these busy, pushing, crowding money-making times. Perhaps the remembrance of Herbert's father, back in the deacon's own youthful days, had much to do with the deacon's love for Herbert but more likely the memory of a boy of their own who had lived, would have been near Herbert's age, had much more to do with it. Enforced idleness to one of Herbert's active ambitious temperament is soon irksome.

"You must find something for Herbert to do or we shall soon lose him," said Mrs. Chadwell to her husband.

"I know it mother; yet I have hesitated, to put him to the very task he is so well fitted, for fear of possible danger to him. But wife, I feel that the 'day of the Lord' is at hand that the 'cry of the oppressed' has been heard, and that the time for action has at last come. It is not for us to judge, as to what instruments the master may need in his 'work'. I shall speak to Herbert this very day and if he decided to take up the work, of his free-will, then be it so."

That afternoon the deacon and Herbert had another long talk. When that conversation was ended, Herbert knew many things which had heretofore puzzled him. He saw the character of the deacon, too, in a new light. What the deacon told Herbert was this: The friends of freedom were organizing. This was not only necessary for their own safety, but was the result of years of patient waiting and watching. Evidently the great 'crises' was at hand. True the wild and reckless conduct of the friends of slavery had precipitated the contest sooner than expected, but it had long ago been recognized as inevitable. It was no longer a question of employment, of property or of livelihood, that men must face, but one of right and wrong. "I believe," said the deacon, reverently, "that 'man's' extremity, is God's opportunity" and that the hand of the Almighty is moulding and shaping event to suit his purpose."

"Now Herbert, there is one of two courses left open to you. You are young; life is before you. I am old, whether I stand or fall, matters little, and hence I have consecrated my all to the cause of human rights; they can at best rob me of only a remnant of my days. Mother and the children—they will scarcely harm them—they will have sufficient to keep them in any event. But you, Herbert, have two ways open to you. One is to leave this and make your way to the north; the other is to remain and take part with us. I am fully satisfied, now, there is no middle course—no neutral position. I will not urge you either way—and may the Lord help you decide."

After a short pause the deacon added: "If you conclude to go Herbert, I will see that you have means. The day filley, that you like so well, is yours to keep, whether you go or stay. Two day's hard riding will place you outside of this benighted 'Egypt' of bondage and where the blight and curse of slavery cannot come. There is safety and a chance for a future career. Here lurks danger and death."

The deacon ceased speaking. He had spoken at length and far more eloquent than we have given it. The light of a great purpose illuminated his features, and his bent form lost its look of weakness and the weight of years. Herbert pondered the question seriously for many minutes. Should he

seek safety in flight?—No. Then came the temptation of ease, of prosperity, of seeing Alice and home, and mother. But could he face either with a clear eye and a quiet conscience. What would he think of himself if he left these friends here to fight the battle alone. Worse than that! if he should desert the cause of right, and justice and liberty for selfish ease? No. Turning to the deacon there was no longer hesitation or indecision in look or voice.

"I will stay."

"The Lord be praised!" exclaimed the deacon!

The next day being Saturday, in the afternoon Herbert mounted the "bay filley" and rode to Hopkinsville after the mail. There was a larger crowd than usual on the streets, and signs of excitement were visible, the center of which seemed to be the two saloons which flanked the post-office. As Herbert rode up and dismounted he heard some one harranging the crowd. The orator proved to be the editor of the *Bugle*.

"What is the excitement about," asked Herbert of Jake Long, as the latter met him at the post-office door.

"Thunder's to pay. Wars and rumors of wars: Guess old Elder Pettigrew, the Millerite preacher, has hit the nail with his interpretation of the signs of the times indicate the downfall of this 'yer republic,'" all this in a loud voice, and then in a whisper to Herbert, "but not by a darn-sight, if I can help it."

Herbert had a few purchases to make and while waiting on him, Jake Long found opportunity to tell him that they were organizing a company of volunteers, and that Maj. Sourbox was to be captain, and the editor of the *Bugle* was expected to be lieutenant.

"For what purpose?"

"Thunder! Nobody knows. They call themselves minute men, but from what I can gather they are to help the south."

Herbert pushed his way through the crowd to the post-office window and called for his mail. The postmaster handed him the mail and as he was gathering it up he pleasantly asked the postmaster if there was any special news.

"Lots of it—Lots of it!" was the surly reply of that functionary. And then leaning his face close to the opening: "Important to certain parties in this community, too. Some people will have to git, and that pretty quick."

"I don't understand you," said Herbert turning on his heel

CHAPTER XXV.

THINGS COME TO A FOCUS.

As Herbert rode away from town he heard the muffled rum-a-dub-dub, of a drum, and looking out across the "commons" saw a straggling line of men practicing the first steps in military drill. Some sort of a flag was carried at the head of the motley procession. Herbert could see by the slanting rays of sunshine that fell on it, that it was not the stars and stripes.

"Will you attend the meeting to night that I told you about," asked the deacon of Herbert, after supper.

"Certainly."

"Then let us saddle up and be off."

"Good bye mother, don't sit up for us to-night," called the deacon to his wife.

That night Herbert became a member of the Union league, a society composed of men pledged a loyalty to the old flag. There was little form or foolishness. The work before them was too serious for mere words or forms. Herbert saw around him half a hundred stern and bearded men, mostly farmers.

After a simple obligation had been administered each man stepped forward and gave Herbert a hearty grasp of the hand, and a kindly look. Before the league separated that night the whole situation was discussed, and it was finally decided that Herbert should be given active employment in the work of organizing the friends of the government in every neighborhood, under the direction of Deacon Chadwell. The meeting on this occasion was held in an old abandoned school house in a secluded valley amid the hills. The next time and place of meeting was communicated by the presiding officer and then the league separated silently in little squads of two and three.

Herbert entered heart and soul into the work laid out for him. Everywhere among the simple, plain and honest

farmers he found warm hearts for the old flag. The towns and villages were shunned, not but that there were many friends there, but because they were also the hot beds of revolt and sedition.

At last came the news of the fall of Fort Sumter. It was but the spark needed to kindle the flames of war. Everywhere throughout the nation armed men sprang up, as if out of the solid earth. Herbert was nearly a day's ride from home when the first rumors of that conflict reached him. He hurried home at once and found Deacon Chadwell and two other trusted and prominent members of the league waiting for his arrival. A meeting had been called at Hopkinsville by the friends of secession, though issued in the guise of a general mass meeting to consider the situation; so confident were the secession leaders that they would have no trouble in controlling the meeting to their own ends, they made no disguise of their sentiments.

The night of Herbert's arrival home was spent by the four friends in council. From the first Herbert urged that the time for open action had come.

"We can, and we must take control of that meeting."

"But if we fail?" said one of the men.

"It will not fail if the league does its duty," said Herbert.

"Give us your plan, Herbert," said the deacon.

"It is simply this. Notify each council of the league to be on hand and ready for business. We have ten days to prepare. We can carry the meeting by storm."

At last it was determined to follow Herbert's plan. Day and night, the four men rode, urging, imploring and exhorting members of the league to turn out. Many of the men lived at long distances from Hopkinsville. Herbert knew that it would be long after noon before many of them arrived. He determined to be on hand early and if possible delay the proceedings till the latest moment possible.

There were men in Hopkinsville, quite as shrewd upon the other side and they had little faith in the people of the country. So when the eventful Saturday came round, it was a question of time and sharp tactics, as to which should carry the day.

Herbert was there early in the morning, and at eleven the meeting was called to order by Judge Mudge. Of course nobody but little Timkins, editor of the *Bugle*, could appropriately act as secretary.

"Feller citizens," said Judge Mudge, "The Honorable William Jones will explain the objects of the meeting."

The honorable William, familiarly known as Bill Jones, awaited no second invitation. He was proud of the title of 'feller citizen' and his eloquence parroted to characterize that class of speakers. He was for secession, now and forever immediate and irrevocably. For an hour he stormed and raved. All the while Herbert was anxiously watching the streets from his seat near one of the windows. In the rapidly augmenting crowds outside he saw with joy that familiar faces, friends of the league, were becoming more and more plentiful. Slipping over to where Jake Long was seated Herbert suggested that Col. Forrester, another attorney and a rival of Jones should be called upon as soon as Davis stopped. The Colonel was a long, lathy specimen of the back woods lawyer of a quarter of a century ago, with but little culture or education, yet with an inexhaustible supply of 'talk' such as it was; Herbert knew if the Colonel got started he was good for another hour's delay. Jake Long fell into the plan at once. When the fiery little lawyer had stamped and saved and stormed himself hoarse he sat down, there was a perfect storm of calls for Forrester. Now Colonel Forrester, had never been known to refuse an invitation to speak, but as yet he was undecided which side of the fence to take; so he wisely strolled it. This required more time than an ordinary speech, so that it was long after noon before he closed.

While Herbert had been closely watching the meeting, the deacon and a few trusty men on the outside had not been idle. The union men as they had arrived had been quietly posted on the proposed programme. Herbert gradually worked his way forward to the speaker's stand. Following him closely came Jake Long with something wrapped up tightly in coarse paper. The speaking ended at last, and

the fiery little lawyer was on his feet in a moment with a long string of resolutions, denouncing the union and favoring resistance to the government.

"Are you ready for the question. All in favor—"

"We are not ready Mr. Chairman,"

It was the voice of Herbert as it rose clear and loud over the confusion. There was a few hisses and cat calls as Herbert commenced speaking, but his clear finely modulated voice, his earnest impassioned face and his graceful gestures soon won attention. We shall not give his speech here. Herbert had the advantage of training and culture to begin with, and the inspiration of a noble theme to aid him. Toward the close when he compared the thing called slavery as a motive, and cornerstone of nationality, with the idea of freedom and equal rights on the other hand, there were hisses and muttering. But the grand climax came when taking the bundle out of Jake Long's hand he shook out the Stars and Stripes and held it up before the audience.

"Ride the abolition spy on a rail! Tar and feather him!" were the cries of that greeted the close of Herbert's speech. The crowd surged forward, Bill Scott and the fire eating lawyer at their head, evidently determined to tear Herbert from the stand. Herbert stood with folded arms smiling at the surging crowd.

Jake Long and half a dozen others among them a distinguished looking stranger gathered around him while Judge Mudge, the chairman, was pounding the desk with his fists and calling out "order, order!"

The stranger mentioned, was none other than Major Johnson, the Virginian; when the crowd caught sight of him there was a pause.

"By Gad, as sure as I am a Virginia gentleman, no man shall touch my friend Mr. Thornton. He's a gentleman, sah" turning to the chairman, "and I pledge my honor, on that point."

It was lucky no blows had passed, for blood would have flown. Quiet was partially restored, but Herbert remained standing on the platform.

"Gentlemen he said it is time this farce ended," then he nodded to a man in the back part of the audience, who immediately darted down the stairway. A moment later, came the tramping of feet, a double column of bronzed and hardy farmers marched in, they filled the seats, they crowded the aisles, they encroached upon the platform.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

From the Land of the Montezumas.

ROSWELL, N. M. APRIL, 1884.

EDITOR GRAPHIC:—Thinking that some of your many readers would like to hear from this quarter of the Globe, I will try and give you a brief history of our territory. New Mexico lies directly south of Colorado. Its average breadth from north to south is 335 miles. From east to west is 370 miles. The surface is made up of mountains, table lands and valleys. The table lands include about two-thirds of the entire area of 121,200 square miles. Population of the territory is about 150,000. The climate of New Mexico is not excelled in America. The atmosphere is everywhere dry and pure, this moderates the effect of the heat in the southern valleys and the cold at the high altitudes and latitudes. In winter it seldom gets to zero and even then the cold is not felt unpleasantly. There are generally three or four snows during the winter, but they remain only a few days. The winters are mild. There is a regular rainy season, but it is not what is generally understood by that term. There is no continuous rain, indeed, there is seldom a day without sunshine. The rain comes generally in showers, occasional storms, but seldom lasts more than a few hours at the longest. This season begins about the first of July and lasts two months. The atmosphere seems to be highly charged with electricity. Sometimes there are electric disturbances that prevent for hours the working of the telegraph. The air is beautifully clear and the sky can scarcely be excelled by that of Italy. It is almost impossible for one to correctly estimate distances. Everything appears so much nearer than it really is. With such a climate it is not surprising that the death rate of New Mexico is only three, while in New England it is twenty-four, in Minnesota fourteen, and in the southern states six. Mining, stock raising and agriculture are the chief sources of New Mexico's wealth. Gold, silver, copper, coal, iron and

lead are abundant, while mica, salt, gypsum, soda, lime, kaolin, cement, sulphur, plumbago, mineral paints, granite and building stones are found in considerable quantities. Turquoise, Garnets, moss agates, and emeralds are also found. Three hundred years ago the Spaniards took out great quantities of gold, silver and copper, their old shafts are found all over the mountains, indicating a great deal of work and rich results. Rich placer diggings are known in many places. The gold and silver product of 1883 was \$3,667,000. Coal has been found in nearly every part of the territory and copper discoveries are numerous.

Timber abounds in sufficient quantities for local use. Pine, pinon and cedar are the principal woods. New Mexico is preeminently a stock raising country and until capital comes in to develop her mineral resources, stock raising is likely to be the chief source of wealth. There are 600,000 head of cattle in the territory. Blooded cattle are being introduced rapidly and the grades improved. New Mexico has about 10,000,000 sheep more than any other state or territory in the union. The wool clipped for 1883 was 3,000,000 pounds. This territory cannot be said to be an agricultural country in the common acceptance of the term and yet it contains from 18,000,000 to 20,000,000 acres of land which can be irrigated and which, by that means, can be made wonderfully productive. New Mexico has 5,053 farms covering a total area of 450,000 acres. Land for farming purposes with irrigation privileges can be bought at from \$10 to \$25 an acre.

If this does not find a resting place in the waist packet you will hear from me again.

T. L. JOHNSON.

Illinois Letter.

CLAYTON, Ill., April 28, 1884.

EDITOR GRAPHIC:—The beautiful village of Clayton is situated 28 miles east of Quincy on the Wabash R. R. and 10 miles north of the famous Siloam Springs. Many persons have been relieved by using the waters of those magnificent springs. Some two years ago Q. Burgess, Esq., a retired merchant of our town, bought the tract of land on which the Springs are located and being of an enterprising disposition turned his attention to the examination of the water and found, by consulting eminent chemists, that the water is of the very best medicinal qualities, especially for all kidney or internal disorders. The dyspeptic finds almost instant relief, while those suffering from that horrible disease—rheumatism—are soon made to feel better. There is a large, commodious hotel erected, also necessary bath rooms &c. We live in the midst of one of the finest farming districts in this state; timber north and south of us and plenty of prairie between. Land is selling for \$50 and \$60 dollars per acre. Our little town is full of business and all the different trades are carried on. We have one place that is an eye sore to our town and that is—in the parlance of the drinker—the "Blue Front," but to him of a thoughtful mind it is the way of death.

One saloon—Price \$1000! Human happiness and all that is sacred were battered away for the pittance of \$1000. The school children pass it on their way to and from school; the smell of beer, wine and whisky is inhaled by them and who knows but the very smell will create an appetite that will lead somebody's darling boy down to a drunkard's grave. We have what is known as the Harper's High License law, but what good is high or low license to any community. I have nothing new to write on this question or nothing of special interest, but I must confess that I have a curiosity to see the voters of this or any other town, standing in two rows; on the one side those who voted for and on the other the ones that voted against. What an example of free government? I venture to say (judging from my observation) that on the whisky side you will find the worst characters in society, gamblers, thieves, liars, those who fail to meet their financial obligations, those whose homes are not pleasant, whose children need school books, clothing, food and the necessary comforts of life. We do not say that all are such, but the most of them who vote for whisky need almost everything that I have mentioned. We must educate our boys and girls that alcohol is a poison—a most dangerous poison. Physiology is being taught in our public schools, add to that a good work on

the use of alcohol and the intelligent boy will not dare to use it. We want good citizens and God knows we can't have them as long as they are fed on alcohol. Mothers, teach your boys while on your knees, to hate strong drink and you will hasten the day when we will be a nation of sober men.

KEY STONE.

SATISFIED WITH MORMONISM.

Another Batch from England Who would Not Change their Faith.

The first arrival of recruits this year for the Mormons in Utah reached here yesterday from Liverpool in the steamer Nevada. They were landed at Castle Garden in the afternoon, 400 in number, under the leadership of Elder C. D. Fjeldsted aided by twenty other Mormon missionaries returning from abroad. The party is composed principally of married people, there being about one hundred and fifty women, about one hundred children and the remainder males. There are not over one hundred unmarried women in the party. Men, women and children are all strong and healthy looking. The women generally clean in appearance and neat attire, the men are exactly the reverse. The unmarried maidens are not particularly attractive.

Mr. David Lewis, one of the missionaries, said yesterday: "The majority of us have been abroad two years and have gathered an abundant harvest. I have been in Wales during that time, and others stationed themselves throughout England, Scotland and Wales and Scandinavia. A majority of the people are from England."

"Did you find any difficulty in converting these people?" asked the reporter.

"Very little. Most of them were only waiting for us to speak to them to join our faith, while others have friends and relatives in Utah, who have written to Europe telling of our quiet, and happy life, so all were anxious to come home with us."

Did you teach the doctrine of polygamy to them?

"No, sir. We do not preach that gospel. We uphold it and believe it to be right, but we preach liberty, happiness and God."

"Have you more than one wife?"

"No, sir, I have one and that is enough."

The reporter turned to a portly girl who sat a few feet away with her hands clasped together in her lap.

"Are you a Mormon?"

"Yes I am, and if I wasn't I wouldn't be here," she answered pettishly.

"Why?"

"Well, because my brother is and because my parents are, and b cause tanner says I'm good for nothing else."

"What does he mean by that?"

"Oh, I suppose I'll get married and take care of my husband."

"Do you like the idea?"

"Fairly well. It is just as easy to support a man as to support yourself, as long as he supplies the money for support. I mean, you know, I'll do the work and he will pay for whatever I want to work with."

"Have you any idea who you will marry?"</